# QUEBEC

## BY DAYLIGHT

VIA

# QUEBEC CENTRAL RY

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# CAR WINDOW GLIMPSES

EN ROUTE TO

# QUEBEC,

BY DAYLIGHT,

VIA

# QUEBEC CENTRAL

# RAILWAY.

BIBLIOTHEQUE

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# THE QUEBEC CENTRAL RAILWAY ROUTE.

THE drift of pleasure travel, in the early summer, tends to the northward, the tide turning in August and setting with equal impetus back again toward the great cities of the Union. As it is hoped that the following pages may meet the reader's eye before he has undertaken his dog-day respite from toil, he is invited to meet the writer upon the shores of Lake Memphremagog, which, standing as it does, upon the border marking the limits of the Union and Dominion, may be said to adorn the gateway to that quaint and interesting region one traverses upon the journey to Quebec.

The mission of the matter following is to acquaint the reader with a new route. To the average traveler for pleasure or observation it is enough to announce a new way to go anywhere in order to enlist his interest, but there is a far larger class which demands reasons for abandoning beaten highways in favor of more recent trails. Fortunately, the task of the writer in the present instance is an easy one; for the reasons why the traveler should go to or from Quebec by way of the Quebec Central Railway are plentiful.

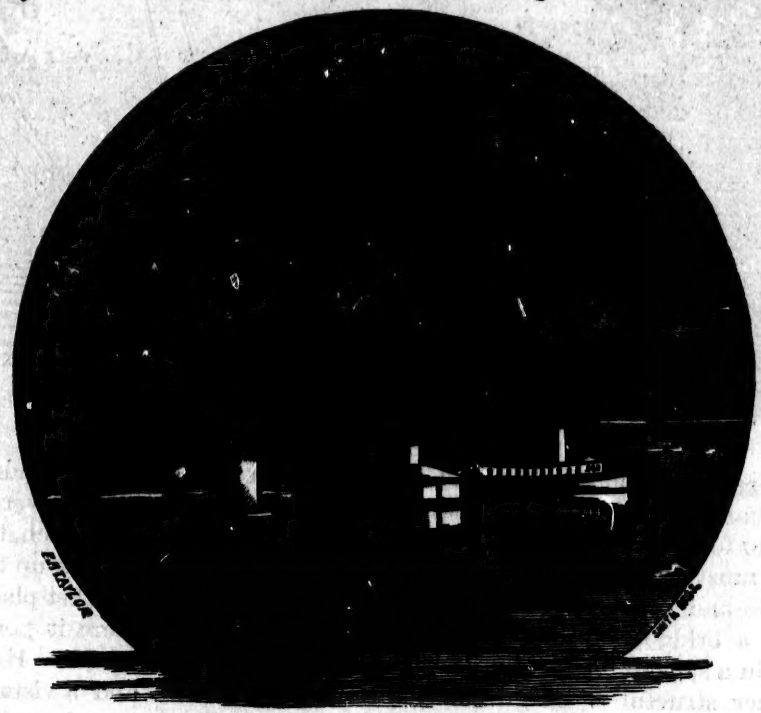
This line has its southern terminus at the enterprising city of Sherbrooke, some forty miles beyond Newport, the leading place upon Memphremagog; but as it would be a grievous mistake upon the part of the traveler to pass this mountain-locked border-lake by with a mere glance, our journey may properly begin upon American soil.

Lake Memphremagog, like most American inland waters, fills a long and narrow valley, with its outlet toward the north. It stretches its irregular form some twenty miles from Newport to Magog. Its shores are peopled by the peaceful descendants of three races, and where, not more than a century since, the cruel and aggressive Iroquois roved and fished, a peaceful, semi-aquatic, semi-agricultural population is gathered.

Two notable mountains are in view from Newport. They rear their bold outlines against the northern sky, and dip their bases in the deep waters of the lake. They are Owl's Head and Elephantas. The lake

MEMPHREMAGOG HOUSE, NEWPORT, VT.

is dotted with rocky, heavily-shaded islets, upon several of which handsome summer-homes have been built. All of these islands are upon the Canadian side, save that of Provence, which is directly upon the line. At Newport a large and excellent hotel attracts an army of travelers during the warm months, and beneath the shadow of Owl's Head the Mountain House stands, charmingly picturesque in location. The large and graceful (if a steamboat may ever merit the term) iron steamer, "Lady of the Lake," traverses the lake, and gives daily round trips



SIR HUGH ALLAN'S VILLA.

during the season. The morning express train, going northward over the Passumpsic R. R., keeps the lake in view for some distance; and half-an-hour later meets another miniature sea in Lake Massawippi, running close to its rocky shores some six miles. The stranger traversing this region for the first time will be reminded of Pennsylvania; for, as the city of Sherbrooke is approached, or below its satellite Lennoxville, at Capelton, he will see upon the barren hill-sides the huge structures and desolate surroundings which are the invariable accompaniment of min-

LAKE MASSAWIPPI.

ing; copper, antimony and nickel are taken from these hills in considerable quantities. One who passes Sherbrooke without stopping over is likely to form a false impression of its thrift and attractions. Such, the writer must confess, was his case; but a subsequent visit led him up the hill-side and beyond a long commercial street and the market-place, across a bridge spanning the wild Magog river, just where it pours down in a splendid final plunge before meeting the St. Francis. Here are finer structures. A granite Bank, a goodly hotel, and a vista of pleasing homes; at the end of the street one looks down upon the valley of the river with a fore-ground of handsome private grounds to complete the picture. How the Canadians love flowers, and make the most of their short but beautiful summers!

Turning up a side street leading from the market-place, five minutes' walk takes one past a big mill, in full clatter and hum of work, to a slender foot-bridge at the head of a deep and picturesque cañon, where the contracted Magog pours a fierce torrent down from leap to leap, among broken masses of rock, and between high walls crowned with dark pines.

Large ecclesiastic buildings stand, as the fashion is in Canada, upon the highest hill-top, the spires looming up like exclamation points.

Sherbrooke claims a population of 9,000. Its largest industry is the Paton mill, which employs some five hundred hands, turning out a make of tweed which is famous in the trade. There are also a file-works and a number of lesser factories.

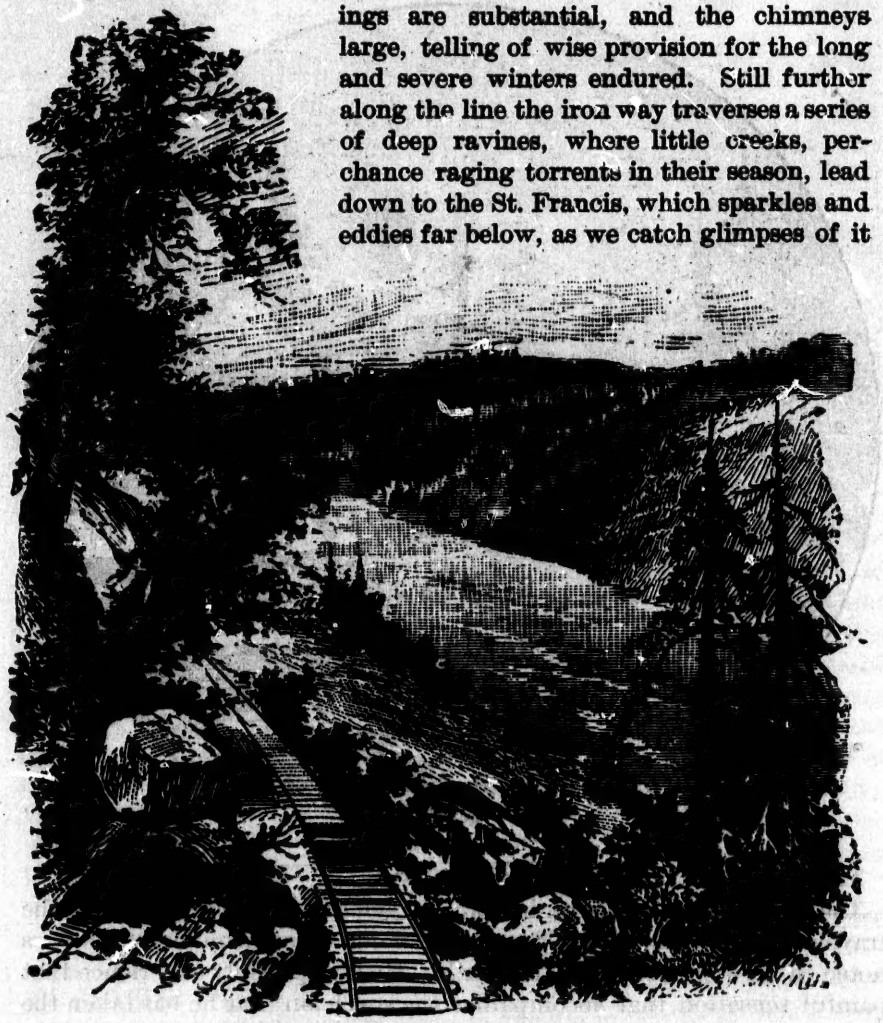
THE MAGOG RIVER.

These mills are operated by water power.

The exit from Sherbrooke, in going to Quebec, is likely to mystify the traveler, for he finds himself speeding along, for some miles, past scenes noted in his approach from the south. He may possibly experience that painful sensation that accompanies the suspicion that he has taken the wrong train. At Lennoxville, however, the road bears away to the left, and, crossing the St. Francis river upon a substantial bridge, begins to

climb the heights that skirt its course. In half-an-hour or less a bird's-eye view of Lennoxville is enjoyed, the train, by some mysterious doubling upon its course, having taken a horse-shoe bend while we were admiring the pluck of the farmers who have conquered the rough face of nature so well upon these upland slopes.

Along the St. Francis river the farm-houses and their dependent buildings are substantial, and the chimneys large, telling of wise provision for the long and severe winters endured. Still further along the line the iron way traverses a series of deep ravines, where little creeks, perchance raging torrents in their season, lead down to the St. Francis, which sparkles and eddies far below, as we catch glimpses of it



THE ST. FRANCIS RIVER.

through the woods. A vast amount of money has been spent here, and an army of workmen are still engaged in improving and grading. The ascent is heavy, and our stout locomotive puffs like a tired steed as it climbs the hill.

There is a wide place in the river, called in the local parlance the *Basin*, a great cauldron-like place, which catches the river as it comes

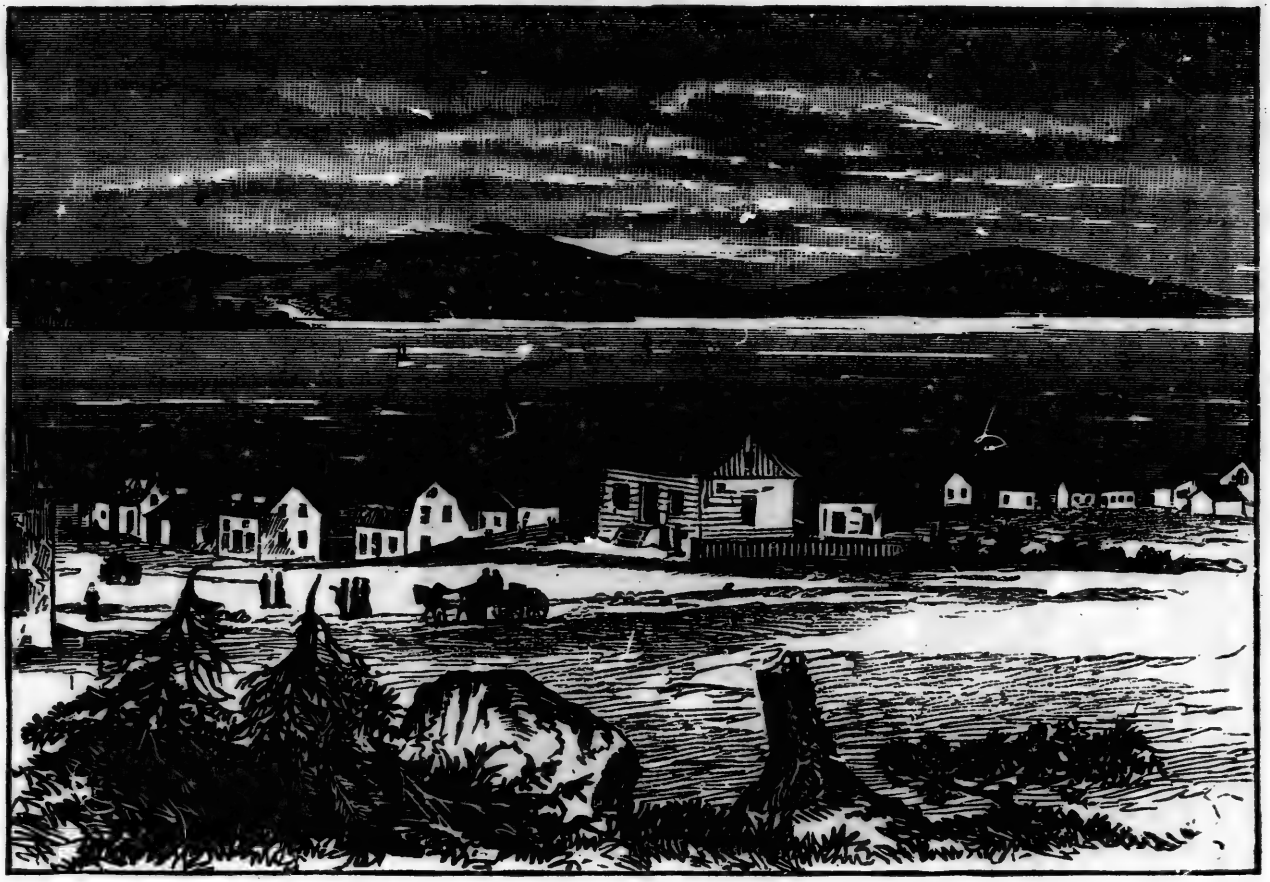
THE BASIN, ST. FRANCIS RIVER.

dashing along, and whirls it about for a time before it releases its waters to flow onward.

Now we are in the wilderness. Most of the homes are roughly hewn log-huts, and nearly all so new that they seem to have been built but yesterday. The secluded inhabitants cut wood for the railway, and long reaches of it are stacked up beside the track.

There is something majestic in these vast expanses of almost unbroken forests, and, too, something to admire in the sturdy enterprise which opens them to the settler, whose axe is just beginning to show its imprint upon the scene.

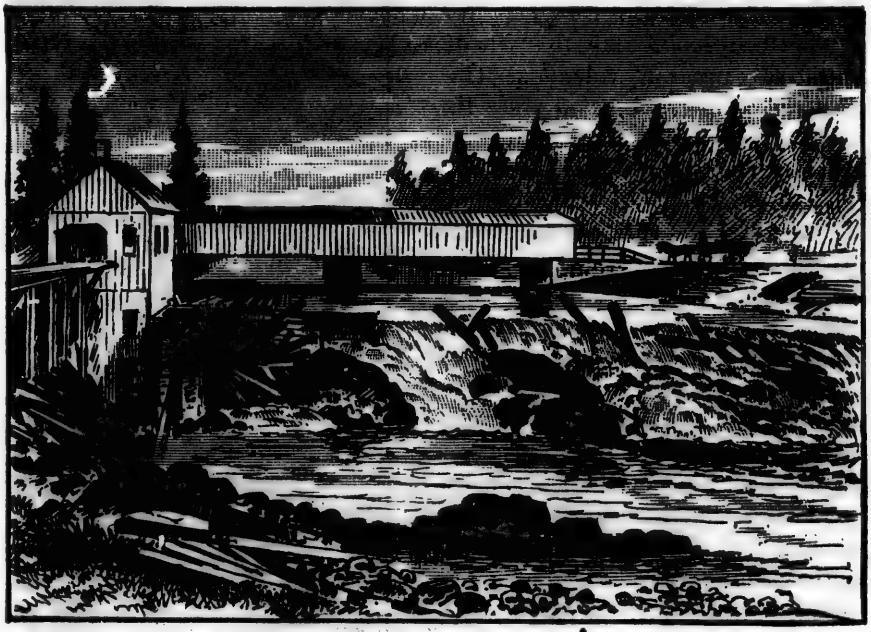
At Garthby a new town is found. Lake Aylmer is a broad and ir-



WARD'S BAY, LAKE AYLMER, FROM GARTHBY.

regular sheet, bordered by dense woodlands; and it is upon that portion of it called Ward's Bay that Garthby stands.

Garthby, as has been stated, is new. Its small but active population is busy enough, ranging new houses along the street leading up the hill; breaking ground for new fields, and putting up fences. A Canadian firm has just completed a steam saw-mill upon the shore, as large and almost as fine as a church. A new steamboat is moored at the new wharf, and it is easy to imagine, as one sits upon the hill-side, the future



BULL'S HEAD FALLS, NEAR D'ISRAELI. 1870

of Garthby, when a handsome tourist hotel shall stand upon the shore, and it shall become what nature seems to have intended it for, a summering resort.

D'Israeli, five miles above, is another brand new place. It, too, has its lake, but hardly larger than a mill-pond. Back in the woods, half-a-mile or so, Bull's Head Falls are found, and when the writer trudged along the road leading thereto, upon a sketch-hunting expedition, he was piloted by the good-natured owner of the mill that stands by the cascade, filling the air with the fragrance of new-sawn pine.

WARD'S BAY, LAKE AYLMER, FROM GARTHBY.

Black Lake is seen upon the left, just beyond Coleraine. A range of rocky hills hem in its farther border, and its more remote reaches are nearly obscured by the blue smoke of burning forests as we pass along its shores.

Perhaps the most interesting feature upon the whole route is found at Thetford.

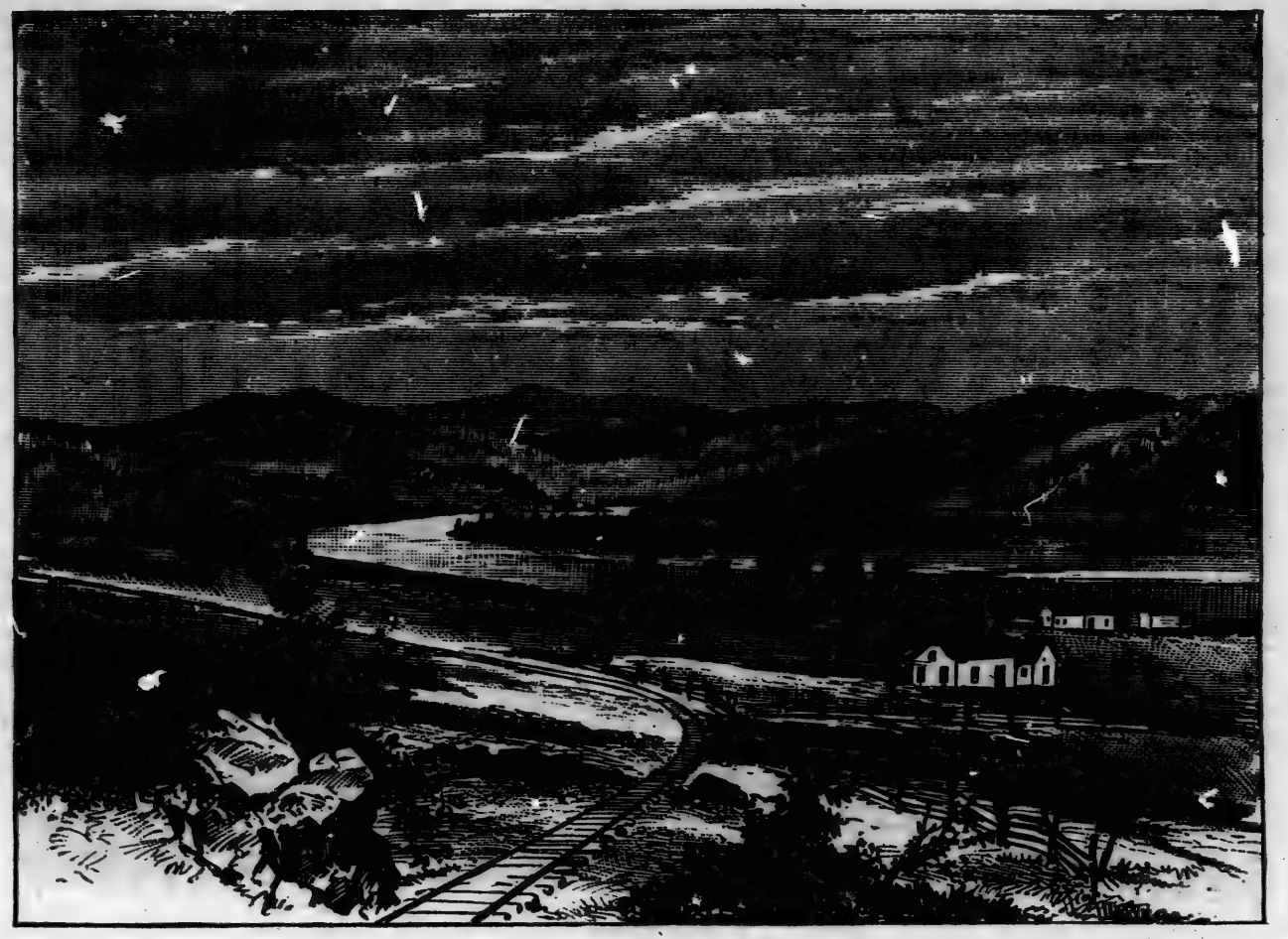
Thetford looks like a town of huts set upon a volcano. The charred forms of burned trees lie where they fell. Earth and rock are heaped up in uncanny masses. The houses of Thetford stand at defiance of all rules of the compass, each owner evidently locating as he chose. One is led to marvel that any human being should locate in such an entirely forbidding spot, and yet Thetford is a necessity. Along the gray ridge of rock, beside the town, are the open quarries where that mysterious mineral, known in trade as asbestos, is found. It exists in seams shot through the hard serpentine rock, which is blasted out and hammered into fragments to obtain this valuable non-conductor of heat. Just how nature deposited this curious substance seems to be a mystery. Its fibrous texture renders it valuable in a hundred ways, and new uses are constantly being discovered for it. Steam-pipes are sheathed with it; roofs are covered to render them fire-proof. It is spun with other fibres into cloth that will not burn.

BLACK LAKE.

The writer has seen a glove, soft, pliable and warm, spun from the pure asbestos, which enables its wearer to handle red-hot coals with perfect freedom, and which is washed by simply being thrown into the stove, where the dirt is burned off, leaving the glove snowy white. The idea suggests itself that such a glove would prove vastly useful in enabling some enterprising folks to safely remove their "chestnuts from the fire."

A FRENCH-CANADIAN HOME.

Other asbestos mines are being opened in the vicinity, and the product is already quite large. All of the mineral mined at Thetford is put into bags and shipped to Boston or Europe, where it is worked up. Soon after leaving the mines we cross the highland, and roll down the grade leading to the broad Chaudiere valley. The traveler is at once struck with the vast maze of fences, and the curious ribbon-like farms which stretch up the hill in variegated stripes, as the harvest ripens in long,



THE CHAUDIERE VALLEY, NEAR BEAUCE JUNCTION.

narrow patches. These are the "Seigniories," which have passed from one generation to another with but few changes in boundary. These humble French-Canadians, whose whole life is bounded by their visual horizon, are not given to trading in real estate, and but little to migration.

Rolling across the bridge at Beauce Junction, we make a closer acquaintance with the curious homes of the natives. Their houses, always neat to a fault, are heavily built, and sometimes sheathed upon the "windward" side with birch bark, which gives them the effect, at a little distance, of variegated blocks of stone. A huge chimney at one end is cased in with wood. The roof, always steep, has an upward pitch at the eaves. The windows are small, and furnished with an inner and an outer set of glass. The interior is plain, the display of household color always centering around a little niche where a crucifix attests the devotion of the family. Crosses are often seen in the fields and by the wayside, a mute appeal to the Deity for good crops and continued health.

Every village has its roomy church structure, which, as in Mexico, is the chief feature of the hamlet. The pointed spires and roofs are always sheathed in glittering metal.

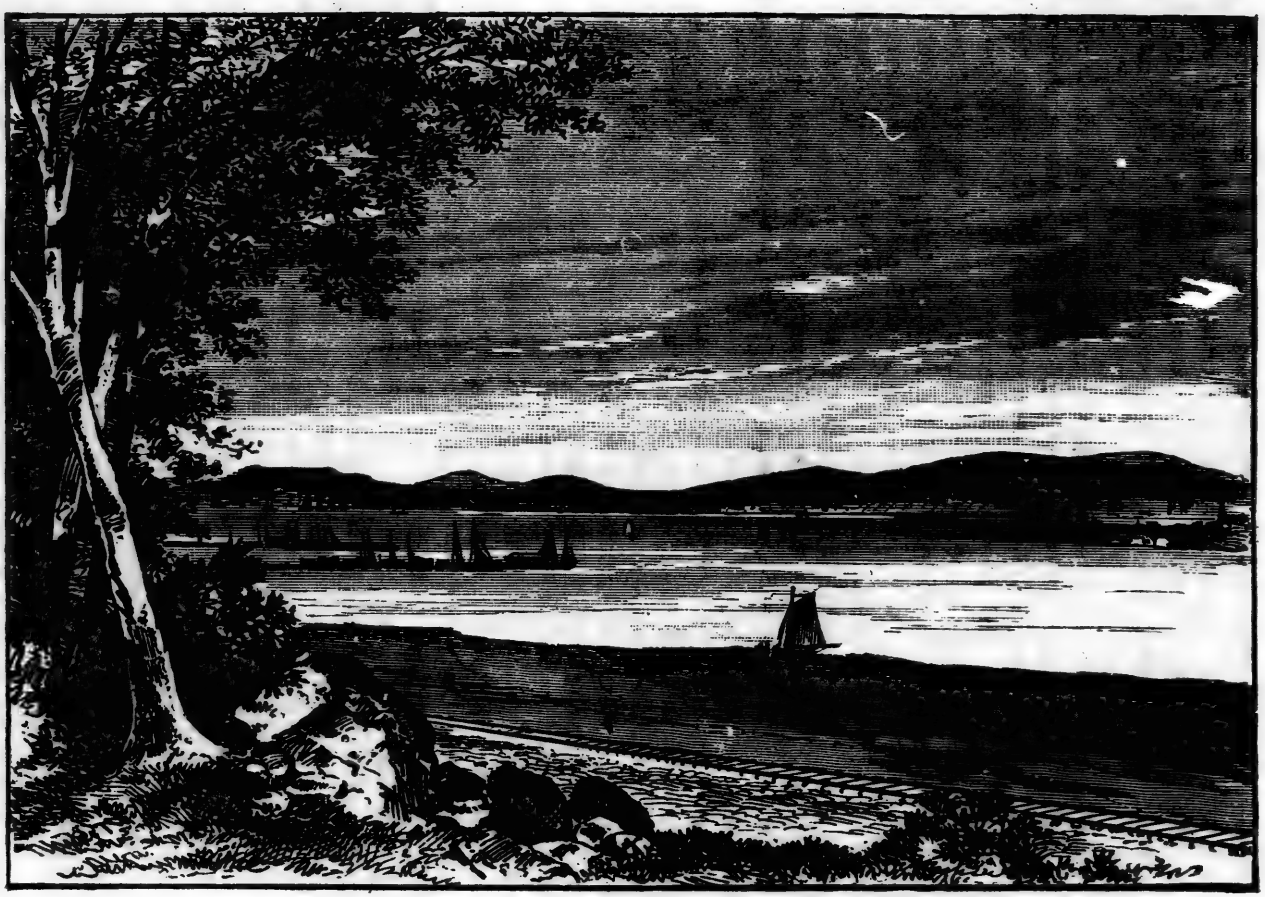
The "habitants" who make short journeys by rail are accompanied to the stations by their friends and relatives. One hears but little English. A constant clatter of *patois* is kept up by the native passengers, who also show a strong desire to express themselves in song.

At Beauce Junction, a line is met which leads southward to the head waters of the Chaudiere, and thence through the Maine wilds to the Kennebec river, thus connecting with the Maine system of railroads.

Through the Chaudiere valley the absence of woodlands is noticeable. All of the lands seem in demand for tillage or pasturage, and the universal fencing-in of the small possessions of each owner, who seems to sub-divide his farm as often as possible, makes the country look like a vast stock-yard, and would cause a westerner, accustomed to the broad areas of the occident, to laugh his buttons off.

That modern abomination, the barb-wire fence, has not as yet reached this land of steady habits.

The Chaudiere is crossed again a short distance above its great falls, and in a half hour the citadel of Quebec looms up ahead. The visitor taking this route during the coming season, will probably be conveyed down to Point Levis in a carriage, but ere long the line will have its



THE APPROACH TO QUEBEC FROM BELOW POINT LÆVIS.

approach and depôts completed, thus meeting the river at a point opposite Montmorenci Falls.

One's *entré* into the fine old city of Quebec, as the heavy ferryboat brings him to the dock in the lower town, is quite in keeping with the foreign, continental atmosphere about him. A lively, pertinacious bevy of caleche drivers make an onslaught upon the new-comer. If he hesitates, he is lost, but if wise he will hand his valise to the porter of the St. Louis, and climbing into the omnibus, he will be rattled along through the narrow streets and up a steep hill, under the frowning,

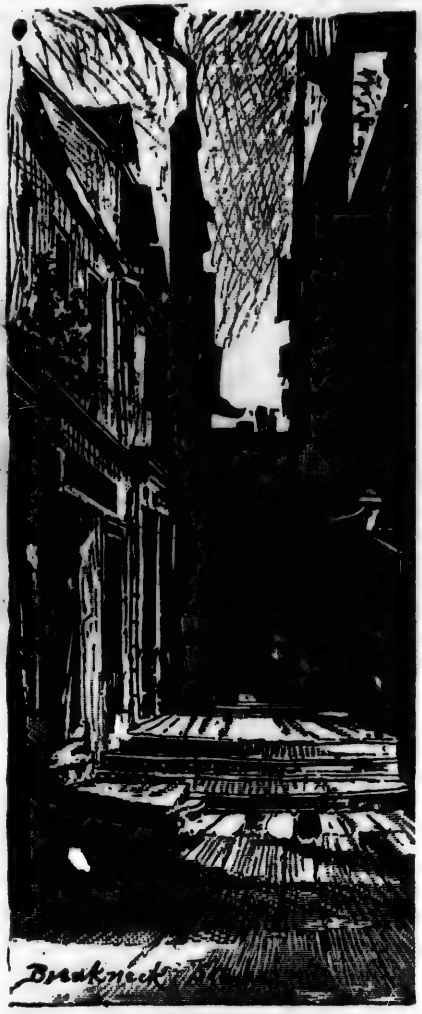
THE WALLS OF QUEBEC.

gray, time-stained walls of the upper town, then through its gate and past the terrace to the hotel, the only house in town catering to pleasure travel.

When Quebec is to be considered, one drops into the past as naturally and gracefully as the late Mr. Silas Wegg dropped into poetry.

Quebec stands like a fragment of the old world—like a creation of the contentious feudal ages stranded upon the shores of a new continent. We have nothing else like it in the land, and the wonder is that

a place so magnificent in its seat upon this rocky cliff, so invested with the history of four races, standing as it does within a day's journey of the city of New York, should not have become the Mecca of a far greater army of travelers long ago. In our busy, driving present, intent as all are upon questions involving the almighty dollar, we find but little time to devote to research among the by-ways of the past; but coming generations will hold Quebec in higher esteem than we do, and doubtless they will find bigger and finer hotels there than now exist. Indeed, it is understood that the Russell Hotel Company will shortly begin the construction of a splendid caravansary, facing upon Dufferin Terrace. If this is done, it will give the most superb view from its portals enjoyed by any hotel upon the continent.




BREAKNECK STAIRS.

Quebec and its vicinity are rich in points of genuine interest. The most popular rallying-point in the city is the broad Dufferin Terrace. Here, upon the warm summer evenings, the scene partakes of the beauty of a carnival. A wealth of color and variety of costume passes before the eye, and fine military music is rendered by the band attached to the garrison. From the railing along the verge of the cliff upon the Terrace, one may look down into the active water-front life of the town below, or let the eye range over the broad expanse of the noble river, dotted with vessels of every size and form, from the huge trans-Atlantic

steamship to the slow-moving barge, with its dingy square sail spread to the breeze.

Along the St. Louis and St. Foy roads, one comes upon the finest suburban homes of the leading classes. It is the fashion for travelers to drive out by one road and return by another. A fine ride takes one to the superb Falls of Montmorenci. It leads through the rambling and quaint village of Beauport, whose snowy, neat homes dot the entire route. From the bank, upon the lower side of the fall, a grand view of the river and city may be enjoyed. It will richly repay the traveler, if

A QUEBEC VISTA.

blessed with good lungs, to descend the long flight of stairs leading to the foot of the fall.

In the winter time, a great cone of ice is frequently formed by the spray from the fall, and the Canadians, hardy in all their sports, use it for coasting, or "tobogganing."

A curious feature of the city, not to be missed by the stranger, is the fine shaft in "Governor's Garden," facing the Terrace, some sixty-five feet in height, erected to the joint memory of the commanders of opposing armies—Wolfe and Montcalm—both of whom fell in the strife. The world, probably, does not furnish a parallel case.

The Plains of Abraham, where the battle was fought which gave the cause for the monument spoken of, are much visited; and lastly, but not by any means the least in importance, is the citadel itself—a mili-

tary city upon a mountain—where the visitor is escorted by a polite and attentive soldier through the various hospitals, store-houses, casemates and other structures filling the interior of the massive fortress. The dress parade of the brightly-uniformed regulars is always an attractive sight.

The boats of the St. Lawrence and Saguenay line of steamers leave early in the morning of each week-day in the season. Passing to the westward of the Isle of Orleans, a fine view of the Falls of Montmo-

MONTCALM'S HEADQUARTERS.

renci is enjoyed, and far ahead the bold outline of Cape Tourmente looms up. All day long the rugged Laurentian Hills are upon the left, and the river widens until its further shore is but a dim outline. Murray Bay, a lower Canadian Long Branch, is the objective point with many of the voyagers. It sits in picturesque style upon the hill-side; and the crowd of gay folks upon the wharf, waiting for the coming of the boat, seem to be having a very enjoyable time.

Cacouna is a place of considerable importance as a summer resort. It is upon the south-eastern shore, and nearly opposite the mouth of the Saguenay.

A ST. LAWRENCE LIGHT-HOUSE.

The bathing upon the lower side of the river, in the vicinity of Cacouna, is said to be much more comfortable than upon the left shore. This is due to the counter-current of cold water running in from the Arctic sea.

Tadousac stands at the mouth of the Saguenay. The steamer-landing is located upon the latter river, about a mile from the village. A hotel of considerable proportions fronts upon a wide crescent beach, and a bevy of handsome summer-homes are seen in the groves a little removed to the right. A very little and very old church stands close to the hotel, and is usually open to visitors. At the landing, the Dominion government

TADOUSAC.

maintains a fish-hatching establishment for the propagation of salmon, many fine specimens of which may be seen. A museum, incidental to the fishery interests, occupies the upper floor.

The wild and magnificent scenery of the Saguenay has been described by a hundred pens. From its mouth to the far northern village of Chicoutimi, it presents bold promontories or precipitous walls, which attain an elevation at some points of not less than one thousand six hundred feet.

As the round tour of the Saguenay and Lower St. Lawrence river may be made upon a comfortable steamer in two days, starting from Quebec, the reader is strongly advised to include it in his tour when he has reached the ancient city.

CHICOUTIMI.

In conclusion, the writer cannot refrain from again expressing his conviction that the day is near at hand when the beautiful forest-environed lakes, which have slept amid the rocky hills of the lower French-Canadian region, until recently undisturbed by any human sound save the lumberman's axe or the rifle-shot of the adventurous native huntsman, will speedily become a favorite resort with the sportsman and tourist. As yet, the gamey bass and swift pickerel are hardly

acquainted with the wiles of the angler, and are as keen after his seductive bait as the most ardent disciple of the gentle art could wish.

The wild and turbulent St. Francis River—the impetuous Magog, met at Sherbrooke—the peaceful vale of the Chaudiere, and the grand

A SAGUENAY ABORIGINE.

approach to the walled city of the North, are things which linger in the memory of the appreciative traveler long after the impressions were made by the actual tour.

The capitalist, keen-eyed and alert for profitable fields of investment, will gain suggestions of value by a survey of the natural riches and

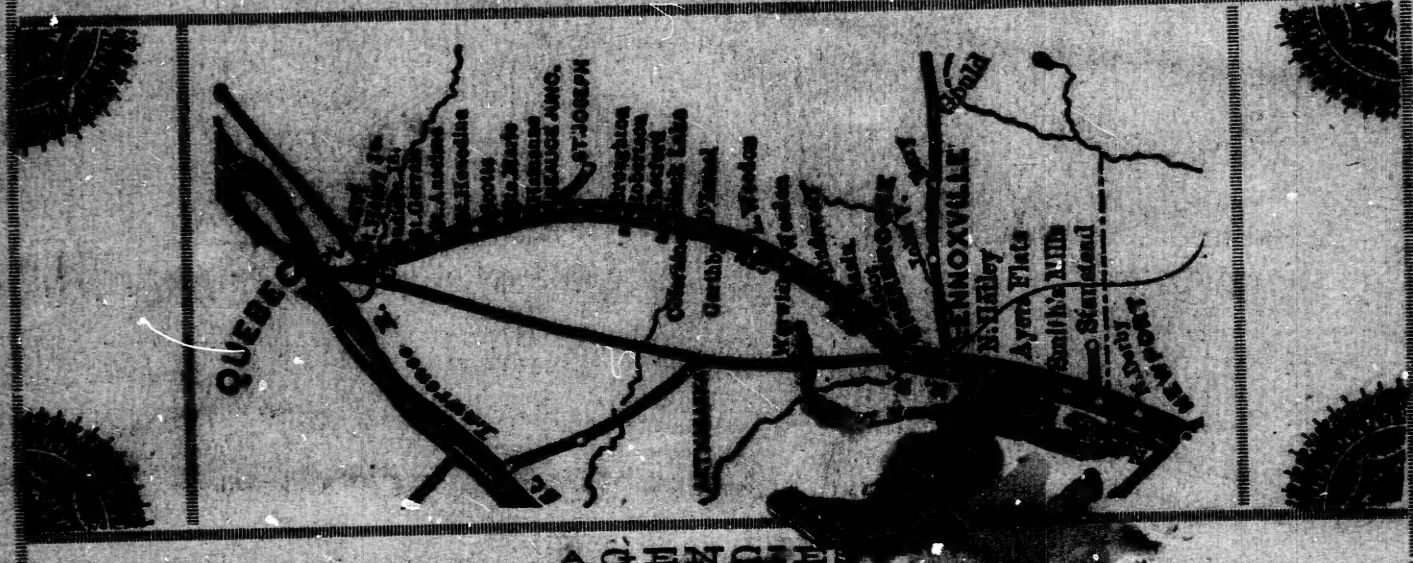
HA HA BAY.

material possibilities of the region traversed by the Quebec Central Railway; and the invalid, debilitated by the impure atmosphere of the city or the heavy air of the coast, will find the climate bracing, dry and health-giving.

A FRENCH-CANADIAN TURN-OUT, 1860

# The QUEBEC CENTRAL RY.

forms the most DIRECT and QUICKEST Route between NEW YORK, BOSTON, WHITE MOUNTAINS, and all NEW ENGLAND POINTS to the PICTURESQUE OLD CITY OF QUEBEC, and the LOWER ST. LAWRENCE, with beautiful Lake and Mountain Scenery en route, and traversing the celebrated CHAUDIERE VALLEY, now noted for its Gold Mines.

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